

Burma Battle Near Crisis

Our Daily Bread

Sliced Thin by The Editor
—ALEX. H. WASHBURN—

The Imagine Chinese

Just a moment out from war news to report that Pearl Buck's new book "Dragon Seed" (John Day Co., 1942) is way yonder the best she has written.

RAF Keeps Up Nightly Raids on Nazi Bases

LONDON —(P)— Squadrons of heavy British bombers maintaining the destructive attacks on Germany of the fifth day, Monday night raided the Norwegian port of Trondheim where the Germans are building an Atlantic fleet base, the Air Ministry announced Tuesday.

Other squadrons attacked Rhine-land objectives including Cologne, bombed the docks at Dunkerque, laid mines in waters off France and Belgium and machine-gunned German airbases.

Eighteen British planes were lost, a communiqué said.

A new bomber and fighter attacking forces covering a square mile of sky and described as the largest single unit ever to attack occupied France swept out toward Calais Tuesday.

Instead of concentrating on the four German warships anchored in Trondheim harbor British bombers aimed explosives at land installations which the air ministry said "we are trying to knock down as fast as they are put up."

Two of the German battleships at Trondheim are the 35,000-ton battleship Tirpitz which took shelter there after a brush with British torpedo planes on sea March 13, and the 10,000-ton cruiser Prinz Eugen which fled from Brest with the 26,000-ton ships Gneisenau and Scharnhorst on February 13.

Informal sources in London said it is known that the Germans are using conscripted Norwegian labor, attempting to complete large naval bases there.

In the Rhine-land raids Cologne was the principal target and large fires started there during the clear weather attacks.

Spencer for Wage Controls by Law

WASHINGTON —(P)— Senator Spencer (Dem., Ark.) said the president had "missed a golden opportunity to marshal all classes into the income limitation program" by not suggesting legislative wage controls.

"The farmers wouldn't object to limitation on their income if every other class was limited, too," he said.

Red River Still on Rise Hits 29 Feet

Red river at Fulton rose a foot over night to 29 feet and observers expected the water would go to 34 feet within the next few hours. Flood stage at Fulton is 25 feet.

Reports from the river town said that already residents in the bottomlands were being evacuated to higher ground.

Join Up and See Mat Bouts Free

COLORADO SPRINGS —(P)— Army induction paper signifying that a fellow is just about to enter the army, are a free pass to the wrestling shows of Abe Marylander. Inside, the about-to-be-soldiers are guests of honor, sitting in a special reserved section.

The horned poppy belongs to the plant kingdom.

Cotton

By the Associated Press
NEW ORLEANS

May	18.95
July	19.27
Oct.	19.65
Dec.	19.75
Jan.	19.77
March	19.87
May	19.95

NEW YORK

May	19.96
July	19.24
Oct.	19.45
Dec.	19.55
Jan.	19.59
March	19.67

Middling Spot 20.65.

Fireman Save My Tires

KINGSTON, Mo. —(P)— Shed a tire with Don Toomy, of Kingston, who rolled his on-the-rims car out of his burning garage but forgot the tires—all five of 'em—hanging on the wall.

President to Address Nation on Price Plan

WASHINGTON —(P)— On the brink of an historic plunge into overall price control the capital Tuesday awaited announcement of a blanket price ceiling on virtually all consumer goods.

A vertical regulation preventing prices from rising above the highest level charged by each dealer during the month of March was expected to be disclosed at a press conference scheduled for late Tuesday by Price Administrator Leon Henderson.

Advices accumulating for the last few months indicated the ceiling would apply to retail, wholesale and manufacturers levels.

Official sources had indicated previously that announcement of the sweeping office of price administration action was awaiting only the president's presentation to congress of an omnibus anti-inflation program.

The plan was expected to follow the Canadian pattern of permitting each store to set its own ceiling using the highest prices to aid the cost of expenses, deliver service and others.

Address at 9 p. m.

WASHINGTON —(P)— President Roosevelt, the White House said Tuesday, expected to explain to the American people why total war required total effort both on the home front and through the world.

Mr. Roosevelt will make a radio address at 9 p. m., CWT, discussing the upward spiral in the living cost.

Secretary Stephen Early said the chief executive would stress far-flung activities of military forces and production armies behind the fighting front, inviting attention to the fact that each of the 7-points he mentioned on the other, if the whole program is to work.

El Dorado Man Opposes Page

LITTLE ROCK —(P)— G. S. Keating of El Dorado filed his party pledge and paid his ballot fee to the Democratic State committee Tuesday as a candidate for state treasurer opposing Earl Page who has announced for re-election.

R. C. Reitzammer of Arkansas City, filed his corrupt practice pledge as an opponent to C. G. Hall, heretofore unopposed candidate for reelection as secretary of State.

E. D. Wodburn of Paragould filed his pledge as a candidate for land commissioner.

Hens on War Basis

DE SMET, S. D. —(P)— Mrs. John Palmer, the minister's wife, calls her fowls a flock of victory chickens. The 28 hens laid 29 eggs in one day.

The Sierra Madre mountains are in Mexico.

President Registers for Draft



President Roosevelt registers for the draft held throughout the nation for all men in the 45-64 age group. James D. Hayes, chairman of Washington Draft board number nine, looks on as the President signs his name.

68 Known Dead as Tornado Hits Pryor, Okla.

PRYOR, Okla. —(P)— This war boom town Tuesday dug out of the ruins of an angry tornado that ripped down main street leaving two million dollars in property damage and 68 known dead and an estimate by the Highway Patrol that the toll would reach 100 in this area.

Searchers were still digging through rubble that once was main street. Relief workers hunted through farming areas devastated by the tornado.

The list of hospitalized and injured ran between 150 and 300 persons. The patrol said a score more were given only first aid treatment.

Mayor Thomas J. Harrison estimated property damage would be at least two million dollars and said:

"We are going to start rebuilding right now as we believe we can get priorities for material because we are in a defense area."

Connally Quits Labor Measure

WASHINGTON —(P)— Consideration of labor legislation was postponed indefinitely in the senate Tuesday after Sen. Connally (D., Texas) withdrew a motion to bring up a war seizure plant bill saying he did not desire to press the matter and ended the apparent controversy with President Roosevelt.

Asserting that Connally's action means death of the Connally and perhaps any other labor legislation, Sen. Byrd (D.-Va.) sought unsuccessfully to obtain agreement to delay "consideration" for a "single day or at the most a week."

Home Clubs Aid Defense

County Council of Home Demonstration Clubs will take an active part in the Campaign of the National Wide Canvass in soliciting pledges and National Defense Savings plan for Defense Stamps and Defense Bonds. According to the last meeting of the War Board the Home Demonstration Club Council group was appointed to take the initiative in the County Rural Wide canvass in cooperation with Mr. B. E. McMahon who is chairman of the Farming Committee of the Defense Savings Committee.

The plans that have been made so far minutemen will serve at the registration places over the county where the men from 45 to 60 years will register on April 27. Shover Springs, Mrs. J. E. McWilliams; Patmos, Mrs. T. J. Drake; Springhill, Mrs. Lucy Huckabee; Guernsey, Mrs. Bryant Anderson; Fulton, Mrs. Fred Young; McNab, Mrs. Velma Jones; Saratoga, Mrs. Charles Adler; Columbus, Mrs. C. R. White; Washington, Mrs. Paul Duganey; Ozan, Mrs. C. K. Osborne; Bingen, Mrs. Glynn Crowell; Bolton, Mrs. Douglas Chism; McCaskill, Mrs. Mac Daniels; and Mrs. Beatrice White; Piney Grove, Mrs. J. B. Johnson; DeAnn, Mrs. C. M. Samuels; Cross Roads, Mrs. L. K. Boyce.

These women will be stationed at the school house where the registering will take place. Other Home Demonstration Club groups over the county who have received pledge books are Mrs. S. D. Cook, Hopewell; Mrs. L. H. Byrd, Bright Star; Miss Una Slophs, Hickory Shade; Mrs. Joe Laseter, Rocky Mound.

The 43 Home Demonstration club groups over the county will each have a pledge book to make a canvass in their home, neighborhood or community. Each pledge book contains 25 pledges.

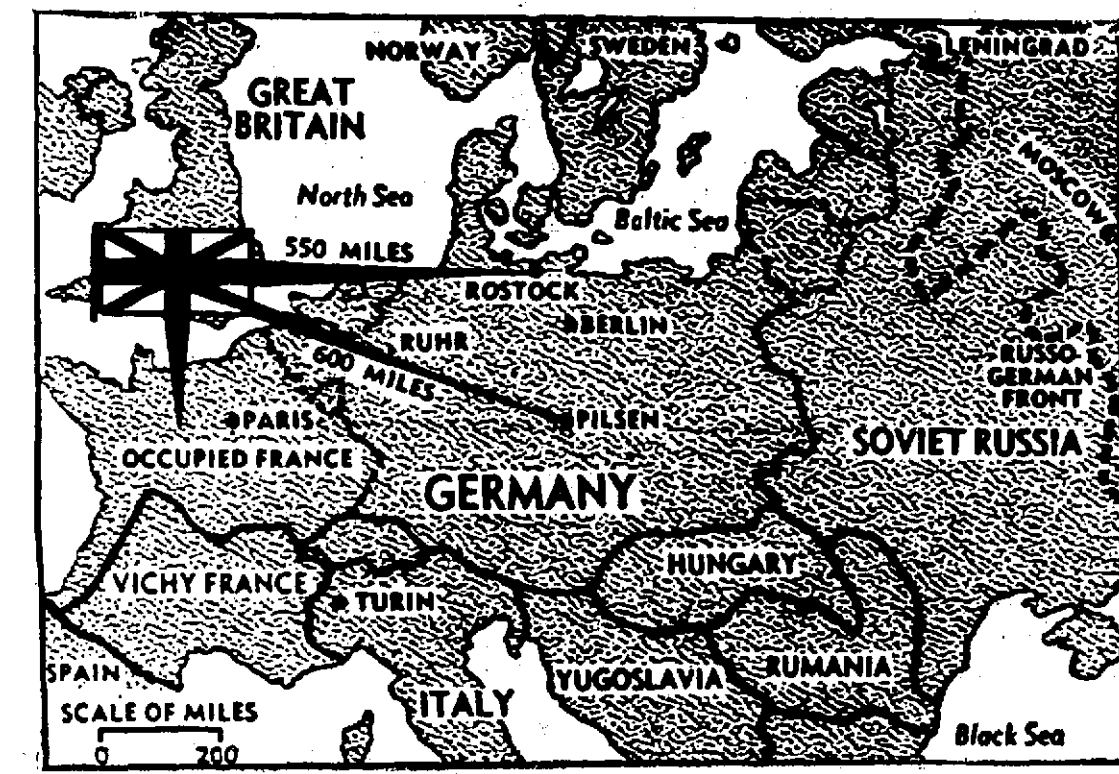
Home Demonstration club women, 4-H club boys and girls over the county have been doing their part by buying defense stamps and bonds. All the prizes that were given at the County Fair in 1941, the prizes that have been given at the County Council Achievement programs have been in defense stamps.

As soon as the pledge books are filled they will be returned to the Home Demonstration agent.

Food Stamp Office Closes

The Hempstead County Food Stamp office will be closed Tuesday and Wednesday for inventory, the issuing officer announced.

RAF Again on Offensive



This telemat shows the pattern of RAF raids on Rostock, Pilsen, and the Rhenish invasion coast.

Reds Control Northern Area

LONDON —(P)— The Russians appear to have won control of the entire region around Lake Ilmen Tuesday except for isolated pockets at Novgorod and Staraya Russa by capturing Borok, key railway town on the northwestern front.

The Moscow radio announced the victory at Borok confirming earlier Stockholm reports and military dispatches said the advance flank of the German position north and south of the big lake, 120 miles below Leningrad.

The German communications to the rear also were threatened. German efforts to hammer a wedge into the Russian lines on the Smolensk front some 200 miles west of Moscow were repulsed.

Hit-Run Driver Arrested Here

Police Tuesday arrested Dave Stewart, negro, on a charge of leaving the scene of an automobile accident in which two other negroes were seriously injured Monday night about two miles east of Hope on old Highway 67.

George Lewis suffered internal injuries, a hip injury and a broken rib, and his companion, Roger Page suffered bruises and a broken leg when the automobile, driven by Stewart, rammed into the wagon in which they were riding.

The two negroes were brought to Julia Chester hospital here by a Herndon-Cornell ambulance.

Stewart's identity was established through the license on his car which was knocked off in the collision. He was arrested late Tuesday morning and police said he admitted hitting the wagon with his auto.

New British Shop Councils

By ROSETTE HARGROVE
NEA Staff Correspondent

LONDON —(P)— Wartime Britain's factories, shipyards and mines are laboratories for industrial reform today.

Employees now are forbidden to dismiss workers except for gross negligence and workers are deprived of the right to quit their jobs under the regulations of the Joint Workers Councils which are being plants with the triple blessing of government, employees and trade unions.

Long ago the workers of Britain won recognition of the unions to represent them in all disputes on wages, hours, apprentice ship, etc. But they did not, until recently, obtain recognition of the right to have a voice in the management of the individual workshop or shipyard or mine. It is this they are now about to obtain, not by compulsion of law, but by common consent of all concerned.

Two Factors Cause Councils' Birth

The Joint Workers Councils evolved from two causes:

1) The recognition by everyone of the necessity of maximum production from machines, men and management.

2) The fact that small concerns are fast disappearing under the growth of firms that employ thousands of men. The old personal contact between management and personnel becomes impossible in these big enterprises. This creates a strong tendency for the two parties to emerge as opposing forces.

Therefore it was necessary to

(Continued on Page Three)

Wage Proposal Is Opposed

WASHINGTON —(P)— President Roosevelt's proposal that net individual incomes be limited to \$25,000 a year during the war encountered sharp division of opinion Tuesday among members of congressional committees handling tax legislation.

While many were reluctant to discuss publicly there were enough expressions of dissent to make it appear likely that a full-dress battle might develop.

Two highly placed members of the House Ways and Means Committee predicted that the committee would reject the proposal for the blanket clause to limit business profits to a fixed sum and to keep individual salaries down to \$25,000 maximum by taxation.

Hope Boy to Escort Queen to Coronation

CONWAY — Robert Jewell of Hope, has been chosen to escort Miss Ruth Murphy of El Dorado in the Hendrix College May Day coronation ceremony. The annual celebration which will be held May 10, has been simplified and condensed this year, due to problems arising from the war. Instead of the extravagant 2 day program, a condensed schedule has been worked out which can be fitted into one full day.

Jewell, a senior at Hendrix, is co-chairman of the extended intramural committee, is president of the Wigwag, men's dormitory, and is ex-president of the Hendrix Christian Association.

Complain of Shots Fired by Hunters

Mrs. Jessie Baird and her daughter, Miss Margaret Baird, living just below the city's south corporation line, have complained to the sheriff's office and to The Star that hunters shooting birds in the vicinity of the Baird home are so careless that shots have struck the house and on other occasions narrowly missed mother and daughter. They complained that when hunters are in the vicinity it is unsafe to stand in the yard.

Nevada Singing Meet at Rosston May 3

The Nevada County singing convention meets at the Baptist Church of Rosston, Sunday May 3, it was announced Tuesday.

The public is invited to attend and bring song books and baskets filled with lunches, J. W. Hollaway, announced.

Oil and Gas Filings

Nevada County
Monday, April 27, 1942
Prepared by Helen Hesterly

Oil and Gas Lease, dated 3-31-42, filed 4-27-42, Dr. L. M. Lile et ux to M. E. Wakefield, Fr. S. SE NW, Sec. 6, Twp. 13, Rge. 22.

Oil and Gas Lease, dated 3-17-42, filed 4-27-42, Mrs. Gertrude Hunt et al to M. E. Wakefield, SE NE, Sec. 5, Twp. 13, Rge. 22.

Oil and Gas Lease, dated 4-20-42, filed 4-27-42, Martha Isabelle

Reinforcements of Japs Sighted in Bengal Bay

WITH THE CHINESE FORCES IN BURMA—(P)— The government of Burma has evacuated Maymyo, 40 miles northeast of Mandalay on the railway to Lashio because of the approach of the Japanese columns.

The evacuation coincided with a series of fires and a rising tide of native opposition to the British. Burning Buddhist temples dotted the plains.

(The dispatch did not make clear whether these were set in accordance with the scorched earth policy or resulted from native disorders.)

Rains, believed the first of the Monsoon are bogging down dirt roads and causing the rivers north-west of Mandalay to rise.

By the Associated Press

Japanese invasion armadas apparently transporting reinforcements for the battle of Burma were reported sighted in the Bay of Bengal Tuesday, as tank led Japanese troops columns sharply threatened the two key Allied cities of Mandalay and Lashio in northern Burma.

Allied reconnaissance planes were said to have observed a large amount of Japanese shipping headed toward Burma coast ports. They might also have been enroute to attack India.

Near Mandalay

British reports said Japanese vanguards reinforced by fresh divisions from Malaya had advanced to a point 85 miles due east of Mandalay.

Chungking dispatches said the invaders appeared on the verge of slamming the Burma backdoor to China and pinching off the entire British-Chinese defense forces in a grave new crisis.

Main Road Endangered

Main Japanese forces were said to have thrust within 60 miles of the Mandalay-Lashio road imperiling the already difficult transportation routes between China and India and threatening Allied defenders with entrapment.

Chinese reports said essential supplies already had moved out of Lashio, 130 miles northeast of Mandalay and that inhabitants there were fleeing.

Peru President to Visit U.S.

By MILTON BRONNER
NEA Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON — Early next month one of the handsomest men in South America, President Manuel Prado of Peru, will be greeted in the White House by President Roosevelt.

President Prado's visit to this country, his first, is by direct invitation of President Roosevelt. He is expected to land in Miami, and go direct to Washington where he will be a guest at the White House. Later he will visit New York, Boston and Detroit.

Is Striking Figure

The Peruvian President would be a striking figure in any assemblage. At little over medium height, he is something like a betsy-looking Paul McNutt. Prado's white hair is thinning. His eagle profile really typifies his fighting career as soldier and politician.

Besides his native Spanish, he talks French and a little English. A polished man of the world, he is also a good mixer.

President Prado was born in Lima, April 21, 1889. His career has been varied enough to earn him the title of "all-round-man". At 15, he entered the University of San Marcos. Graduated with honors, he joined the faculty and also directed the scientific magazine published by the university.

That was only one phase of his life. While still an undergraduate he enlisted in the army and later rose to the rank of first lieutenant in the war with Ecuador, in which he saw active service.

President Prado entered business and politics at about the same time. In 1919 he assumed charge of the Lima Light and Power Company. He also became chairman of the Peruvian Steamship Company and a general manager, later president of the Central Reserve Bank of Peru.

Also in 1919, he was elected to Congress. A bitter opponent of the government in power, he was accused of leading a revolutionary movement, was imprisoned and finally deported in 1923. He returned from European exile in 1932 and in October, 1939, was elected President.

Hope Star
Published every week-day after noon by
The Star Publishing Co., Inc.
1010 S. Main St., Hope, Ark.
C. E. PALMER, President
ALLEN C. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class matter at the
postoffice at Hope, Arkansas, under the
act of March 3, 1879.
[AP]—Member Associated Press
[NEA]—Member Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n
Subscription Rate (Always Payable in
Advance): By city carrier, per week 15c;
Hempstead, Nevada, Howard, Miller and
Jefferson counties, \$3.50 per year; else-
where, \$6.50.
Member of The Associated Press: The
Associated Press is exclusively entitled to
the use for republication of all news dis-
patches credited to it or not otherwise
credited in this paper and also the local
news published herein.
National Advertising Representative—
Arkansas-Ballies, Inc., Memphis, Tenn.
Stick Building, New York City, 507
Fifth Avenue, Detroit, Mich., 2842 W.
Grand Blvd.; Oklahoma City, 414 Terminal
Bldg.
Charge on Tributes, Etc.: Charge will be
made for all tributes, cards of thanks,
resolutions, or memorials, concerning the
deceased. Commercial newspapers hold to
this policy in the news columns to pro-
tect their readers from a deluge of space-
taking memorials. The Star disclaims re-
sponsibility for loss of material or return
of any unsolicited manuscripts.

Political Announcements
The Star is authorized to announce
the following as candidates subject
to the action of the Hempstead
County Democratic primary elec-
tion:
Sheriff & Collector
FRANK J. HILL
CLARENCE E. BAKER
County & Probate Clerk
LEO RAY
Tax Assessor
JOHN RIDGILL
W. W. COMPTON
GEORGE F. DODDS
Representative (No. 1)
WILLIAM H. (BILL) ETTER
Representative (No. 2)
EMORY A. THOMPSON

Sugar Beets in A Sweet Spot
By NEA Service
Sweet tooth in what Uncle Sam
calls the "sugar scarcity areas" of
America's northeastern states will
not go unappeased—thanks to the
lowly sugar beet, which is stepping
into the breach caused by the cane
sugar shortage. The western and
middle-western beet sugar states
are sending 200,000,000 pounds to
the sugar-hungry east, accom-
panied by Price Administrator Leon
Henderson's sharp warning to in-
dustrial users to buy it up or "have
only themselves to blame" if a sug-
ar shortage smacks them.
We are all going to be using a lot
more beet sugar in the near future.
Normally it makes up 20 per cent of
America's annual sugar bowl. Last
year 795,000 acres were planted.
This year, Department of Agricul-
ture reports indicate, there will be
24 per cent increase. The increase
would be even greater if we had
more processing mills.
New Seeds Defy Blight
About 15 years ago, the west's
sugar beet crop was faced with ex-
tinction by the curly top disease.
But Bureau of Plant Industry work-
ers developed new varieties that
could withstand the blight.
Then it became necessary to pro-
duce our own seed. We used to have
to import seed from Central
Europe, where its production took
two years and much hand labor.
During World War I we had a seed
famine, and just missed one in this
war because we learned to pro-
duce our own before the war's out-
break stopped trade with Germany
and Poland.
Not only do we produce our own
crop, but we do it in 8 months, with
better seeds, and have enough to
supply England and our other al-
lies. Furthermore, the American
Beet Sugar Association is reported
to be developing a stunt of splitting
the seeds, which just about doubles
the supply.

McCaskill
Miss Jean Shuffield of Magnolia
A. and M. College spent the week-
end with her parents Mr. and Mrs.
R. G. Shuffield.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Gentry and

Hold Everything
You brute—you never take me
anywhere!

ONE-MAN WRESTLING MATCH
4-28

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
with ... Major Hoople
EGAD, TWIGGS! WHY DO I TARRY HERE WITH
\$250 IN MY HAND? AND A PARTY ALL
ARRANGED AT THE OWLS CLUB! THE
SIGHT OF THOSE TWO URGING SAVING
THEIR PENNIES TO BUY WAR STAMPS
STOPPED ME AS THOUGH A BAYONET
WERE THRUST INTO MY CHEST!
DRAT IT! AM I NOT ENTITLED TO
AN EVENING OF PLEASURE AFTER
SHOOTING DOWN A SPY-PLANE?
THEN WHY DON'T I GO? AM I
ROOTED TO THIS SPOT?
IT'S A TOUGH SPOT, MAJOR!
YOU LOSE EITHER WAY, LIKE
MUSSOLINI!

Wash Tubbs
TO THE HOME OF TITO BOLIVAR
MY JAPANESE FRIENDS ARE
WELCOME
SO NICE FOR YOU TO
SAY, I ACCEPT
MAKE GENERAL
HEADQUARTER
WHO IS THAT
PICTURE?
ANGELA, MY
WIFE WHO
DIED THREE
YEARS
AGO
UGH! I
DO NOT
LIKE
KINDLY
REMOVE
THEN I...
I WILL HANG
IT IN MY
BEDROOM
IF YOU PLEASE, I OCCUPY BEDROOM,
OTHER OFFICERS, OTHER ROOM. IS
DESIRABLE YOU GO ELSEWHERE, PLEASE
TO REMOVE PERSONAL BELONGINGS
WITHOUT DELAY

Popeye
VA MADE HER ANGRY, WIMPY, SHE IS
LEAVIN' HER NEST
I MERELY WISHED TO SEE IF
THERE WERE ANY LITTLE
SEAGUZZERS
HONK!
WHEN ANY GOOSE
LEAVES HER NEST, IT'S
HARD TO GET HER
BACK—I
SUSPECT
MY FRIEND,
IT'S THE SAME
WITH A
SEAGOOSE
ONE MOMENT,
MADAM
HIS
I DON'T CARE IF SHE
DOES LAY RUBBER
EGGS—
I'VE
BEEN
INSULTED
AU, PIPE
DOWN!

Donald Duck
WE OUGHTA TELL THE
GOVERNMENT ON HIM!
HE'S MAKIN' FIFTH
COLUMNISTS OUT OF US!
A FELLA CAN'T
EVEN BE PATRIOTIC
HERE!
YOU'D THINK
HE'D MEET
US HALF-
WAY!
YEH! SAY EVERY
BODY'S GOT
TO GET
EVERY OTHER
MONTHS MORE
LIKE IT!
YOU'RE
DEWEY!
YEH! I CAN'T
WY A WAR
WITH HALF-WAY
MEASURES!
THE BIG
BULLY!
GUESS WHERE
SHE THREW HER
HAIR-BRUSH!

Blondie
I HATE TO WATCH
COOKIES EVERY
SECOND/TODAY
SHE THREW MY
POCKETBOOK
INTO THE
WASTEBASKET
AND SHE
THREW MY
DOWN THE CLOTHES-
CHUTE
BABIES
WILL BE
BABIES
BONNIE!
GUESS WHERE
SHE THREW HER
HAIR-BRUSH!

Boots and Her Buddies
OH OH! HEY
HERE
COMES JOHN
SOLDIER DATE!
WHO IS HE?
OH-H, I'VE
FORGOTTEN
HIS NAME
GOSH, MA SURE ARE
A LOT OF THEM
LATELY! MOST EVERY
NIGHT! IT MUST BE
LIKE HUGH OR PRUNES—OH
AFTER DAN, TH' SAME OL STUFF!
GEE, HAZZ! SHOULD THINK
YOU'D GET AWAY TIED
OF 'EM!
WELL, I PROBABLY
WILL BE ALL THE
SAME
BUT THEY'RE NOT THAT WHAT
MAKES MEN SO INTERESTING!
NO TWO OF THEM ARE ALIVE!
HECK! I'VE MET 'EM ALL!
AND THEY ACT ALIKE TO
ME

Red Ryder
WHAT? RYDER AIN'T
HERE? HE LEFT MY
PLACE WITH THE
SCOUTS TWO HOURS AGO!
GOOD GRACIOUS!
WHERE DO YOU
SUSPECT HE IS?
BUT COME, IN-
GENTLEMEN!
THANKS, MRS.
ROCKERS!
WE WILL!
YUH DON'T SUPPOSE
RYDER SKIPPED
TOWN WITH THE
BEAUTY MONEY,
DO YUH?
DID I HEAR
YOUR NAME
MENTIONED?
RYDER!
RYDER!
RYDER!

Alley Oop
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

Freckles and His Friends
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

Sounds Ominous
BY MERRILL BLOSSER

Changes in Eagles
COMPTON, Calif. —(P)—Change
ment is certain, for where people's
spirits go, feet follow.
of heroes: The Col. Charles A.
Lindbergh grammar school has
had its name changed to the Capt.
Colin P. Kelly grammar school.

Classified
Ads must be in office day before publication
You can talk to only one man
Want Ads talk to Thousands
SELL, RENT, BUY OR SWAP
All Want Ads cash in advance. Not taken over the Phone
One time—2c word, minimum 30c Three times—3 1/4c word, minimum 30c
Six times—5c word, minimum 75c One month—18c word, minimum \$2.70
Rates are for continuous insertion only
"THE MORE YOU TELL THE QUICKER YOU SELL"

For Sale
LAST WEEK FOR THE FULLER
mop special with furniture polish
Fuller Brush Dealer, Jett Bundy.
Phone 138, 802 South Fulton St.
21-61c
ONE 1941 FORD TRUCK, LONG
wheelbase, big back end, less
than year old, good rubber. One
Neighbors trailer, good rubber.
One pair large mutes and har-
ness. See Floyd Porterfield.
23-31c

For Rent
FOUR ROOM HOUSE, FRESH
painted. Screened in porch. Good
well. Six miles from Hope on
Columbus highway. Also one 4
room house. Phone 12-F-13, C. F.
Baker.
23-61p
2 UNFURNISHED ROOMS. Pri-
vate entrance and private bath.
603 South Walnut. Phone 747.
27-31p
6 ROOM HOUSE, FURNISHED
or unfurnished, 820 South Elm.
Also house 1 1/2 miles out. Phone
731.
27-31c
FURNISHED APARTMENT. Large
rooms on south side. To couple
only. Available May 4. Mrs. D.
T. Chamberlain, 717 South Main.
27-31c
FIVE-ROOM HOUSE IN EXCEL-
lent condition. Be vacant this
week. A. H. Eversmeyer, end
S. Main St.
24-31p

Services Offered
BARGAIN FOR OLD AND NEW
subscribers to Reader's Digest.
Call 114-W, Mrs. Witt. 27-31p
Wanted to Buy
BOY'S TENT, MUST BE IN GOOD
condition. Write Box 213, Fulton,
Ark.
25-31c
Wanted
GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR
couple willing to work. In fine
condition, combination service
station and cafe on Highway 67,
with good living quarters. Re-
duced rent to right man. See M.
S. Bates, Hope, Phone 24.
27-31p
Chicagoan was pinched after
holding up people entering a night
club. You'd hardly expect him to
wait till they came out.

The Man of the Future
By MARGUERITE YOUNG
NEA Service Staff Writer
NEW YORK—"Regardless of the
infinite future of his mission in In-
dia, Sir Stafford Cripps is Britain's
man of the future. And India, what-
ever happens for the moment will
be no second Singapore."
That's Jennie Lee's sizeup. She
says so with an assurance that
seems astonishing, coming from her
—a tiny Scot with the round-faced,
innocent look of the proverbial
schoolgirl. Nevertheless, she talks
out of a couple of decades' direct
contact with British policies in-
cluding the question of India.
Elected to Parliament
Before She Could Vote
Miss Lee and her husband, Mem-
ber of Parliament Anuran Bevan,
have been close political and per-
sonal friends for many years of
Cripps and Pandit Jawaharlal
Nehru, the Indian Nationalist lead-
er. They've spent many country
week-ends talking politics togeth-
er.
Jennie Lee was elected to Parliam-
ent herself, before she was old
enough to vote, from Scotland's
famed industrial district, Lanark.
Her familiarity with public af-
fairs dates from her childhood:
She's the daughter and the grand-
daughter of British miners' lead-
ers. In this war, she has been a
government trouble-shooter, as-
signed to building up labor morale
in order to quicken war production.
She has put her story into a book
for American publication, "This
Great Journey," and has just gar-
thered material here for a British
book about America.
"If the Japanese walk into In-
dia," she said, "there may be some
few Quislings. But the invaders
will discover that the Indian peo-
ple are their enemies. India is
too big a country and has too old
and too bright a flame for freedom
to go as Singapore went."
Besides the modern Indian na-
tionalist—Nehru, for instance—
knows very well, as we know in
Britain, that it's not Indians against
Britains, it's most of them and
most of us together against enemies
who are national enemies.
"Where Spirits Go,
Feet Follow..."
Cripps is the one English official,
in Miss Lee's opinion, whose resig-
nation would bring down the gov-
ernment.
"It's a curious situation," she
went on. "Cripps, a man without a

By Roy Crane
THIMBLE THEATER
I DON'T CARE IF SHE
DOES LAY RUBBER
EGGS—
I'VE
BEEN
INSULTED
AU, PIPE
DOWN!

By Walt Disney
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE!
YOU'RE
DEWEY!
YEH! I CAN'T
WY A WAR
WITH HALF-WAY
MEASURES!
THE BIG
BULLY!
GUESS WHERE
SHE THREW HER
HAIR-BRUSH!

By Chic Young
OUT OF THE WINDOW?
I HATE TO WATCH
COOKIES EVERY
SECOND/TODAY
SHE THREW MY
POCKETBOOK
INTO THE
WASTEBASKET
AND SHE
THREW MY
DOWN THE CLOTHES-
CHUTE
BABIES
WILL BE
BABIES
BONNIE!
GUESS WHERE
SHE THREW HER
HAIR-BRUSH!

By Edgar Martin
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES
OH OH! HEY
HERE
COMES JOHN
SOLDIER DATE!
WHO IS HE?
OH-H, I'VE
FORGOTTEN
HIS NAME
GOSH, MA SURE ARE
A LOT OF THEM
LATELY! MOST EVERY
NIGHT! IT MUST BE
LIKE HUGH OR PRUNES—OH
AFTER DAN, TH' SAME OL STUFF!
GEE, HAZZ! SHOULD THINK
YOU'D GET AWAY TIED
OF 'EM!
WELL, I PROBABLY
WILL BE ALL THE
SAME
BUT THEY'RE NOT THAT WHAT
MAKES MEN SO INTERESTING!
NO TWO OF THEM ARE ALIVE!
HECK! I'VE MET 'EM ALL!
AND THEY ACT ALIKE TO
ME

By V. T. Hamlin
SURPRISE
WHAT? RYDER AIN'T
HERE? HE LEFT MY
PLACE WITH THE
SCOUTS TWO HOURS AGO!
GOOD GRACIOUS!
WHERE DO YOU
SUSPECT HE IS?
BUT COME, IN-
GENTLEMEN!
THANKS, MRS.
ROCKERS!
WE WILL!
YUH DON'T SUPPOSE
RYDER SKIPPED
TOWN WITH THE
BEAUTY MONEY,
DO YUH?
DID I HEAR
YOUR NAME
MENTIONED?
RYDER!
RYDER!
RYDER!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

By Fred Harman
CONCERNING DINNY
WELL, LIMP, I'M
OFF TO WAR
DUNNO HOW
LONG I'LL BE
GONE—SO IT'S UP
TO YOU T'UN MOO
TILL I GET BACK
IT MAY BE QUITE
A SPELL—IT'S TH'
GOL DANGEST
FRACAS YOU EVER
DID SEE
WITH GERMAN'S AN'
JAPS AN' ITALIANS
TAP, IT'S A
MAN'S SIZE
JOBS WE GOT
TO DO!
COME ON
BOYS...WE
DON'T WANT
TO KEEP
DR. WOND'LO
WAITING
GOODNESS, DOC,
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU LOOKING
SO HAPPY IN
A LONG
TIME!
IT'S BECAUSE I'VE
FINALLY GOT RID
OF THOSE PRE-
HISTORIC PEOPLE...
I'VE GOT 'EM BACK TO
MOO AND THERE
THEY'RE GOING TO
STAY!
VEZZIE, IT'S
ABOUT THAT
THAT YOUR FRIEND
ARMY, YOU LEFT HERE
ON OUR
RESERVA-
TION!

By Merrill Blosser
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
WHY, MCGOOSBY,
I THOUGHT YOU
BE HOME IN BED
AT THIS HOUR!
REMEMBER, YOU'VE
GOT TO KEEP IN
SHAPE FOR OUR
BIG GAME WITH
THE FARMERS BANK!
GOSH, MR. RINKLE,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BEING UP AT THIS
HOUR IS HARDLY
A WAY FOR A
BASEBALL PLAYER
TO TRAIN!
DON'T WORRY—I'LL
KNOCK
THE COVER OFF THAT APPLE!
I HOPE SO—I
HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE!
WHAT'D HE
MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, IF HE MEANT WHAT I
THINK HE MEANT, I HOPE
SO TOO!

SOCIETY

Daisy Dorothy Heard, Editor

Telephone 768

Social Calendar

Tuesday, April 28
Mrs. H. M. Olsen and Miss Jack Porter will be hostesses to the Business and Professional Women's club at the Olsen home, 7:30.

Wednesday, April 29th
Mrs. L. M. Lile and Mrs. Remmel Young will join Mrs. Sara Ann Holland, bride-elect, with a luncheon at the Barlow, 12:30 o'clock.

Special prayer service for the members of the Gleaners' class of the First Baptist Sunday School, the Educational building, 6:45 o'clock. All members are urged to attend and visitors are invited.

Thursday, April 30th
Miss Sara Ann Holland, bride-elect, will be complimented by Mrs. Thompson Evans, Jr. with a bridge party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson, 8 o'clock.

The Mission Study class of the Women's Society of Christian Service, the church, 2:30.

The Music of Victory is Sweeter

Perhaps you've been saving for a good many months for that electric victrola-radio combination set. It costs close to \$200, but like good music and it's worth it. There

MOROLINE HAIR TONIC
NON-SKID BOTTLE sizes 10¢-25¢

RIALTO Starts TUESDAY
PRISCILLA LANE
RICHARD WHORF

—in—
"Blues in the Night"
—also—
LYNN BARI
CORNEL WILDE

"The Perfect Snob"
—ADDED—
"Quiz Kids"

aren't many of those sets left now, and if you don't buy it, someone else will. Well, that's true, but that money of yours, smartly invested, would buy a life float for ten people—ten people struggling for life and vast stretches of water, with nothing closer than an upturned, lifeless ship. Maybe that other fellow who wants a radio-phonograph wouldn't use his money to good account elsewhere, as you will—if you buy a War Bond instead. You will help your country as you help Arkansas reach its War Bond Quota.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Kenny McKee of Garland City spent Monday in the city with Mr. and Mrs. Jewell Moore.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson and son, Dana, departed for Waco, Texas Sunday to join Mr. Gibson in making their home.

Lt. and Mrs. W. I. Greenwald announce the arrival of a son Monday, April 27, at the Julia Chester hospital. William James Greenwald, Jr. is the new arrival's name.

Mrs. Bill Glover has returned to her home in Malvern after a week-end visit in the city.

Mayor Albert Graves and Dick Watkins motored to Conway Tuesday. While there Mayor Graves will attend a Hendrix college Board meeting.

Mrs. Tom Brewster, who recently attended a meeting of the Quichita Presbyterial in El Dorado, was selected again to serve the group as treasurer for the new term.

Mrs. H. C. Whitworth is spending the week in Pine Bluff with Mr. Whitworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Reese are the parents of a little girl born Tuesday, April 28, at the Julia Chester.

New British

(Continued From Page One)

find machinery to melt this antagonism, bring them together. Government, employers and workers believe the Joint Workers Council will do the trick. The scheme was already known and used before the war in one or two big corporations and certain smaller ones.

But it is now revealing on a wide scale in these industries classified as "essential" under wartime legislation.

Three Thousand Firms Establishing Units
The Government took the first step when the Ministry of Supply announced that management and workers in its forty-odd Royal Ordnance factories, employing some 300,000 men and women, had

FRANTIC WEEKEND

By EDMUND FANCOTT

THE STORY: Peggy Mack, 17, is the busiest girl in Canada on her first weekend party, invited with her sister Myra and brother Michael to the country place of Peggy's father, who is a truck driver. The party is a success, but the girls are not to be taken for granted. Peggy is a former successful Broadway career. Peggy also is trying to persuade Baldy that she, too, belongs on Broadway.

PEGGY TAKES OVER

CHAPTER XII

MYRA yawned, stretched her arms toward the sun, feigning casualness. Baldy, preoccupied though he might be with the problem of getting Fay back on his bread and butter list, was a shrewd customer, Myra decided. If her younger sister had made an impression on him, she must counteract it without betraying more than a detached interest in Peggy.

"Plenty of pretty girls around," said Myra. "Why worry about losing one, even if her reputation is built up in show business? The woods are full of talent. Look at Peggy, for instance."

Baldy, his cigar chewed to pulp, spluttered as he jerked it from his mouth to speak. "Listen, sister. I seen so many pretty faces in my time it gives me a positive pleasure to look at yours." He flicked the cigar into the lake and continued.

"In show business, pretty faces are a dime a dozen, you get so you'd rather have a stein of beer any day. When I was a kid I liked molasses, couldn't get enough of it until one day my mother leaves a gallon crock around and I eat until I'm sick. After that I don't touch it and if I see the name in print I feel my stomach turn. That's the way with pretty faces when you've seen 'em coming and going like me in show business—just a bunch of bugs around a street light. The face that gives a movie fan a thump in the ticker gives me a pain in the throat."

"And that's why I like you—honest to goodness, plain downright homely."

Myra looked at him with a doubtful expression. "Easy on the compliments, brother."

"Them's not compliments, them's facts. If I'd kept out of show

business maybe I'd have married a nice homely girl like you, maybe I'd have had a nice cozy job and a home and a couple of kids."

His voice drifted off with the suspicion of a break in it, but he recovered himself. "But no! I go into show business. I marry a pretty girl and what does she do? As soon as she gets the contract to love, honor and obey, she walks out on me, and that's the way with all of 'em."

"All of them?" said Myra. "How many have you married?"

"Don't get me wrong, sister. After the third try I quit. But I got a talent for managing talent, and that's what I mean. They're all the same, get a contract and they change their minds. I shoulda bought a ball team—they got no minds to change. But no, I pick on girls and they got to be pretty girls and there ain't a doll in this world who wouldn't give a 60 per cent cut to be managed by me. I make 'em, see. I build 'em up. I put 'em on the top of the heap and keep 'em there and believe me, sister, do you know what nightmare wakes me up in the night sweating, I'm so scared?"

Myra shook her head sympathetically. "You wouldn't," said Baldy. "It's glamor girls, glamor girls, hundreds of 'em, smiling at me in my sleep with hunks of white teeth, perfect teeth, and blue eyes, black eyes, sweet as sugar, and I jump up screaming in the middle of the night."

"Well," said Myra. "That certainly is a point of view."

"It certainly is," said Baldy. "And believe me the time is coming, sure as blondes follow brunettes, and vice-versa, when a girl with a pan like yours will get up on a floor and knock 'em cold."

"You leave my face alone," said Myra. "Look at the landscape instead."

Baldy glanced around at the serenity of the tree-bounded lake in the sunlit morning. "I wouldn't give you two cents for this in a picture postcard," said Baldy. "Give me a smoke fog over Pittsburgh in a nasty rain in winter. That's beauty, that is."

Myra glanced over Baldy's beautifully tailored play suit, painstakingly immaculate, the collar pressed carefully open at the throat and even the short sleeves knifed with a sharp crease.

"You don't look as though you dress to your beliefs."

Baldy gave a grunt of disgust. "That's show business. You got to put on a front—splash it on. Wear a pair of pants twice and

the boys think you're on the way out and after a touch, and you can't get near 'em."

With a snap of his fingers Baldy jumped to his feet. "Sorry, sister. I got to be going. You're a nice kid, you are. Wish there was more like you. Where's that kid sister of yours, with Fay? I got to get that girl. There's a girl for you. Character, she's got. Character and what it takes; best looker in the business and what a voice! Knock 'em flat. I got Benny Blatter from Hollywood all fixed up to spot her on her first reappearance with Johnny White and then you'll see me play 'em for a contract. Play 'em like a fish, I will," he planned excitedly, "one against the other till their pockets sweat the dough. I'll really go places, then. I'll swing her up where she can't quit even if she wants to. That's what you gotta do. Dream up a contract that'll fix 'em so long they'll never be able to wriggle out of it."

Myra let her fingers trail in the water by the wooden wharf. She could see through the clear greenish water under the shadow of the wharf down to the clean sand of the bottom.

"Just like planning down a butterfly," she said slowly. "That's it," said Baldy. "That's just it. Give 'em a chance and they'll quit, and you've chased 'em all for nothin'!"

MYRA began to understand why Fay had run away. She looked up the lake for her sister and saw an empty canoe floating idly with the current.

It was the blue canoe that Peggy and Nigel had taken. It drifted slowly from an island that lay at the far end of the lake, and had it been occupied by anyone except her sister and the capable Nigel she might have been worried. As it was her eyes narrowed slightly as she wondered what prankish trick Peggy was up to now.

Peggy, as Myra suspected, had worked out her plot as carefully as any teen-aged strategist. As Nigel guided the canoe up the lake, flicking his stern paddle against Peggy's bow strokes to scan the wooded shore for any sign of Fay Ransom, she studied him with a calculating air. Not handsome, she observed again to herself, but with possibilities as a charming companion. He was also—point for any designing female to remember—fairly well-to-do. But for other and more devious reasons he fitted into her plans and Peggy, not one to underestimate her own attractiveness, intended to make him useful. If they were to lose the canoe.

(To Be Continued)

Old School Tie Wearing Thin

By ROETTE HARGROVE
NEA Service Staff Correspondent
LONDON—Eton classmates: An Earl's son and a truck driver's boy.

Five years ago, or even a scant three, such a pious idea in aristocratic, blue-blooded England—where "the old school tie" is just as sacred to the starched set as the great stone lions in Trafalgar Square—would have been branded something foul out of Red Russia.

But, today, the social earthquake launched by the war, is rumbling louder and louder.

War taxes and loss of revenue, resulting from so many youths going into service instead of the hallowed halls of Harrow, Eton, Rugby and Winchester, are putting the blitz on the "old school tie" to the extent that anything actually is possible.

All Parents Want Their Sons "In"

For years it has been the secret ambition of the lower middle classes to send their boys to the best schools along with the "swells."

The famous English "public school" is, you probably know, the equivalent of America's swank private school. During the last war, sons of profiteers finally managed to crash their sacred precincts in this country.

Today, however, the situation has gone further. A neighbor of mine went to a shop the other day to have her hair done. Later she came and told me how taken back she was when her hairdresser very proudly informed her he was saving his money—to send his son to Rugby.

Many of the schools—rather than close down—are accepting considerable reductions in fees, especially if the father of a student is in the forces.

Hitherto, hidebound rules and regulations, especially regarding outfits and "extras," are being jettisoned.

Eton boys, for instance, have given up wearing their traditional silk hats. And, some of the best prep schools have sent parents circulars saying use of better-wearing corduroy knickers are trousers, instead of regulation flannels, will be allowed now.

The concessions are vitally necessary, too, if the schools are to remain in existence.

The upshot of the whole evolution may be that the war will truly democratize England's system of education—permanently.

Baptist Workers' Council to Meet

The Sunday School Workers' Council of First Baptist church will meet at 6:45 Tuesday evening at the Educational Building of the church. The program will center around the part that the Sunday School will have in the revival which opens next Sunday and continues eleven days. About seventy-five officers, and teachers of the Sunday School and class officers are expected to attend and participate in Tuesday night's council meeting.

We, the Women

War's Making Women Seek Tonic in Work
By RUTH MILLETT

Mrs. Housewife is at it again. She has the rugs up, the draperies down, and the furniture in the middle of the floor. It's housecleaning time again.

This year the little woman is tackling the job with more energy and more enthusiasm than usual. It's as though she is delighted to have a hard job to set her teeth into.

Even though there is no possible connection between her window washing and war work, she feels like she is doing something if she is just working hard at a job that has visible results.

She can't get at the enemy, so her feelings are find an outlet in the homely job of cleaning house.

Working Off Steam Appeals to Women
If she goes at it with a brighter gleam in her eye and with a little extra push and drive—that's why. She's working off steam.

She can't get at any Japs—but

All existing U. S. pipelines are privately owned by the major oil companies or their subsidiaries. They cannot carry each other's oil, nor the oil of the independent producers, unless they buy it. As a common carrier, the proposed Wichita Falls-Savannah pipeline would have been forced to haul the oil of any producer. It would have been something unique as a public utility to help break the major oil purchasing agencies' control of prices at the well.

Application to build this line was made to the Office of Defense Transportation. A three-man board was named to investigate and report. The board reported there was no evidence this was a defense necessity and Director Eastman's decision confirmed this finding. For the time being, therefore, the Wichita Falls-Savannah project is dead.

In Director Eastman's decision, however, he took occasion to point out that "under the executive order of the President, creating the Office of Defense Transportation, I am given a definite responsibility for domestic transportation, including transportation by pipeline."

Eastman, in other words, can be interpreted as saying that anything done about pipelines in this war should be done by him.

Harrison in Hollywood

By PAUL HARRISON, NEA Service Correspondent

War Tames Down Wild Bill Wellman

HOLLYWOOD—Some of his friends are worried about William, the erstwhile Wild Bill Wellman. He's so brisk and businesslike and so hard at work on another air picture, "Thunderbirds," that he doesn't seem to care about playing jokes any more. And he's even getting along amicably with studio executives.

The lean, sardonic and utterly honest director used to be a sworn enemy of producers, supervisors and other brass hats. And he never was too frazzled or too busy to provide entertainment for the company. He's tell racy stories, recite dubious verse, bark at pretty girls, shoot out light bulbs with a slingshot, and rib the stars.

He still picks on stars and other celebrities, believing that they do better work when deflated and put on their mettle. "Darling," he'll ask a glamorist, "why don't you take up stenography or something? Why do you keep on imposing on competent actors and actresses, and on the good nature of directors? Look at me; I didn't have a gray hair in my head until I started working with you three weeks ago." (Wellman has been grizzled for 20 years.)

Admitting that he's a little more subdued than usual, his closest friends explain that Wild Bill is sobered by thoughts of the war and by his contacts with student pilots at the air training centers around Phoenix, where he took the "Thunderbirds" company for three weeks of filming. Wellman ran away from home during World War I, joined an ambulance unit to get across, went into the Foreign Legion, transferred to the trench air corps, won a Croix de Guerre with four gold palms, five citations, assorted bullet wounds and a broken back. He recovered, to help train pilots after he was invalided home.

Although he looks hard as nails, Wellman now has arthritis. When I found him sulking on the set he explained that on the previous evening he had dropped in on an Army doctor to learn his chances of getting something to do in the service. And the doctor had offered to send him home in a taxi-cab!

He has a plan, though, along with the conviction that arthritis is nothing but a case of nerves. After finishing his next picture some time in July, Wellman expects to take four months for rest and recovery; and then he's going into the Army, some how, and anywhere.

His next picture, incidentally, will be "The Oxbow Incident," which he has been trying to get ever since its publication. Darryl Zanuck bought it for his direction, and that is indicative, of Wellman's more cordial relations with his nominal bosses lately.

Kerplunk on the Dome
Wellman can be the sort of sound-stage autocrat who chases studio heads off his sets. When hints do not work he can use more direct means—like the time when he was making "Wild Boys of the Road" at Warners and conducting a feud with Producer Sam Bischoff. One day the latter strolled on an outdoor set which included a freight train topped by a bunch of young

hoboes munching stolen watermelons. The director climbed on a car and dropped an overripe melon squarely on the producer's head. Scampering down while the boss was still spluttering and wiping his eyes, Wellman assembled the snick. "That was not only a crude and disrespectful joke," he concluded, "but it was also dangerous. Why, that watermelon might have broken Mr. Bischoff's precious neck!"

Too Late to Classify

For Sale

3 GOOD MILK COWS. JETT Williams. 28-340

TALBOT'S

We Outfit the Family

IT'S THE "V" PEOPLE SEE



SUPERBA CRAFTS



TIE-LON

MADE WITH NYLON
Knot and Layer Fabric

A great tie—knots easily—wears practically forever—we have it in stripes and plain colors. Look your best—come in today for a Tie-Lon tie by Superba.

Talbot's

"We Outfit the Family"

A Step to Distinction



Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

\$5.85

In a Breeze

See our complete selection of new Crosby Square shoes. You'll find new patterns in Tans, combinations and others. Complete range of sizes.

COTTAGE CHEESE



For a delightful surprise in meals, try Olie's cottage cheese! It's wholesome, fresh, tasty. Excellent on salads and for sandwich snacks. Dozens of ways to prepare it. Buy a carton now and discover them for yourself. It's fresh every day at the following stores:

A & P Food Stores
Mrs. B. C. Acker Grocery
B & B Grocery & Market
Brookwood Grocery
Cassidy Grocery
Moore's City Market
J. A. Davis Grocery
Dan Godbold Grocery
Harris Grocery
Harry Hawthorne Market
Hobb's Grocery & Market
Houston and Son Grocery
Kroger Grocery and Baking Co.
Lewis Grocery
M System Store
R. L. Patterson Grocery
Stueart Stores
West Side Grocery

Or Call
938

For Prompt Service

Olie's Dairy

at the THEATRES

• SAENGER

Sun-Mon-Tues-"To the Shores of Tripoli"
Wed-Thurs-"Tarzan's Secret Treasure"
Fri-Sat-"Riders of the Purple Sage" and "Great Guns"

• RIALTO

Matinee Daily
Sun-Mon-"International Squadron"
Tues-Wed-Thurs-"Perfect Snob" and "Blues in the Night"
Fri-Sat-"Navy Blue and Gold" and "Billy the Kid Wanted"

• Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment!

New SAENGER

NOW

"To the Shores of Tripoli"

Coming Wednesday and Thursday

Johnny
Weismuller

Maureen
O'Sullivan

in

"TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE"

Plus

MARCH OF TIME

Introducing S. Burton Heath--

EDITOR'S NOTE — S. Burton Heath, Pulitzer-prize winning journalist and author of "Yankee Reporter," has joined NEA Service, world's largest newspaper feature service, to write a daily column of editorial comment which will appear in the Hope Star. The article below will serve as a personal introduction of this brilliant writer to readers of this newspaper.

By NEA Service

S. Burton Heath won the Pulitzer Prize for kicking a Federal Judge off the bench and into prison. He could have won it for any of a half dozen other stories, crusades or exposes—and that explains why he has been "poison" to political and corporate malefactors for nearly 15 years in New York.

A long, lean Yankee out of Vermont, where he tasted printer's ink before he was out of high school, Heath walked into the New York picture at a time when Tammany Hall was feeding on the city like a plague of 17-year locusts.

Before he left the New York World-Telegram he had played a major role in bringing in Mayor LaGuardia and an honest government—and the more sight of Heath appearing in a Tammany-dominated rendezvous gave crooked politicians the screaming mercuries.

Worked Six Months on Manton Case

The ousting of Manton was his tour-de-force. For years men had whispered that Judge Manton bought and sold justice from the bench of the second highest Federal court in the land. But no one could prove it.

Heath, whose forefathers wrestled a living off the rocky acres of New England, got his teeth into the case and held on for six months of unmitigated labor. He was given an accountant as an assistant and the two of them went through court records, business deals, income tax returns and other documents that revealed the thievery of the Judge.

At the end of six months he walked up to the editor and said: "I could make the case solid, even in court. When the story appeared Manton toppled like a great oak under the neat strokes of an experienced woodshopper."

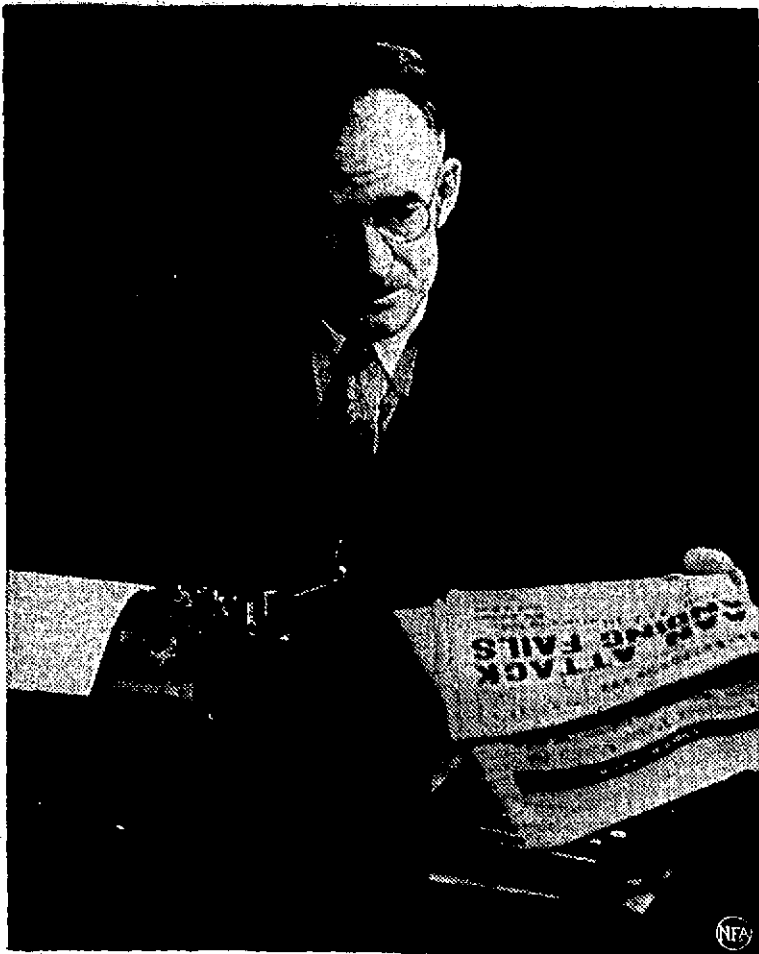
As good as that job was, Heath contributed more definitely to the public weal by laying bare the iniquities of industrial life insurance. Single-handed, he forced the New York state legislature to enact laws setting up low-cost savings bank insurance. Men and women, widows and orphans will benefit from this handiwork of his long after Heath is gone.

Finds City Budget is Lively Reading

Like Lincoln Steffens, Heath fought municipal corruption. Both as reporter and as publicity man he put over the campaign to write a new city charter for New York and then surprised the political bigwigs by having proportional representation adopted in the fair of the district leader and the crooked politician.

Other newspapermen said of Heath that he got more joy out of a new issue of the municipal budget than his confreres would from a case of Scotch. But he is no grind nor a denizen of an ivory tower.

Although gifted with the singular ability to ferret out news from the dry records or reports of governmental bodies, he has crossed up his friends many times. Many a night, frothy piece having to do with such important things as bur-



S. Burton Heath . . . "A long, lean Yankee . . ."

Prescott News

By HELEN HESTERLY

Telephone 163

Courses Offered by Civilian Defense

Training courses for civilian defense will begin as soon as a minimum number required are registered. Courses which will be offered are: Air raid warden service, messenger service, women's motor aid service, serve in first aid corps, nutrition service, home nursing service, act as fire watcher, serve in rescue squads, serve in driver's corps, food for victory, serve in decontamination corps, serve in emergency food and housing corps, serve in staff corps, act as auxiliary firemen, act as auxiliary policeman, serve in bomb squads, serve in demolition and clearance

lesque strip tease, sugaring time in Vermont and the diodes of divorcees turned out to be the handiwork of the reporter-sleuth.

Laughs Off Bribes And Threats

He fought in the last war, helped found the American Legion in Vermont, plays at golf and is an amateur photographer. He is married, has a little girl, and lives in New York.

He wrote of his adventures in journalism in a book called "Yankee Reporter" which said nothing of his proclivity for French fried potatoes, roast lamb and water-ground corn meal bread.

Like most good newspapermen, he is mild, courteous, does not sleep in ditches or beat his wife. He has refused bribes, refused to be intimidated by plug-uglies and neatly side-stepped the wiles of blondes sent out by crooked politicians to trap him. He likes to get his teeth into a story and whip it into shape. He also likes to build things in his basement workshop. Both are good fun.

Don't Pity the Army Wife

By MARJORIE STEWART

(Written for NEA Service)

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. — You may address any one of us as "Mrs. Buck Private."

We're all "Army Wives," newly married, and the pattern of our existence is so much alike, you'd think we were turned out on an assembly line. Remember, of course, we're privates' wives, and the stories you've probably read about the house the government furnishes pertain only to another and distinct species—the Officer's Wife—with whom we have little or no contact.

Nop, Mrs. "Buck Private" is in a class by herself, and a long, long way from home. Her car is the local bus-in-miniature, and in most cases, that's a luxury reserved for rainy days. I can't say we don't envy a little the red-plated officers' cars as they speed to town, leaving a film of fine red dust on our lovely suede shoes we bought with loving care in Brooklyn or Boston a hundred years ago.

Window-Shopping Inexpensive

Still, we plod on, down Hay street, into the city itself. The usual procedure is to drop one's letters at the Postoffice, then to cross the street to the five-and-ten, to idle, and "just looking, thank you," rarely doing any shopping.

Money, we've long since learned, is a mysterious item that keeps disappearing alarmingly, so we guard the little we have, jealously, watching every penny.

Since our "home" is a room only, we can do no cooking, and have to eat out. Now, restaurants are fine, once in a while, but morning, noon and night they begin to take on a different character. You know, things have come to the point where I can tell where you ate if you just tell me what.

Sure, it's a crazy existence, but I love it. Bill needed me and I needed him, and now that we're together, we'll work it out somehow. To coin some corn—"It's simple, once you know how."

And, another thing—maybe we don't roll bandages, or sell bonds—but we gals most certainly have been drafted as personal morale officers. When your weary soldier comes home, all in and not the Handsome-Man-Married, even if your own feet feel as though they've worn down to the knees, it's up to you to look fresh and vivacious.

Thinks She's Gaining Weight

If you don't, you'll soon be hearing all about his long, terrible day (Bill's in his second year and now has a desk job) and if he's in a particularly nasty frame of mind he'll say he thinks you're getting fat (which, as you know, is a perpetual thorn in the female side.)

So, to avoid explosions, it's best to get his mind off the post, so you trot him to town (a mile and a half, on the hoof) where there is always something doing at the various USO's.

Incidentally, these clubs are a God-send to the always financially embarrassed private and his wife. The free shows they put on are really swell, and an entire evening usually amounts to the price of two cokes.

Once in a blue moon, it's beer and salami at the home of the Kunitz' from Bath Beach, Brooklyn.

In spite of me looking like an advertisement for a St. Patrick's Day parade, they know that such delicacies are my passion and delight, so when the box from home (a thing as welcome to the wife as for her soldier) they always entertain at their one-room domain.

Can't Wait For Victory

But if it's to be just a plain social evening, we gals sit around, like old cronies, reminiscing about the shows we saw, the dances we danced, and most wistfully, the clothes we bought. I recall how I pouted for those fur, last year, and looking back, I feel almost ashamed. Think all I could do with that money now—as someone safely remarked, "You can't eat two silver foxes." When food comes before clothes, I guess it's a sure sign that I'm growing up at last.

What do we look forward to? Please God, let the war end soon. Never a question of who'll win, but how soon we'll win. That's our very thought; though I'll bet any amount of money not one of us would change places with you. No, sir—we're learning how to take it, and we're pretty proud of us.

So, if you should be in a hamburger stand, and notice all the girls from six to sixty wearing rings, you'll know you're in an army town. And if the line glit in the corner, self-consciously lurching a sandwich, prompts you to mutter "Poor thing"—don't pity her, please.

Instead, envy her, for just like the rest of us, she has given up all to be with the boy she married. I'm not sorry one bit, and neither will she be. We're a very insignificant group, but a mighty important one—we, the privates' wives—the draftees' brides—and we've come to win the war with our husbands.

—John P. Cox

Library Notes

Columbus Dorothy Sipes, Librarian

The Columbus library board held a meeting Friday afternoon, at the library with Miss Elsie Weisenberger, County Librarian. Many things of importance were discussed.

This library is becoming a war-information center. We have already, Pamphlets on, "Growing a Victory Garden;" "Sugar Substitutes; meat; vegetables; cereals; meat and eggs.

Some of the latest books are: "Dragon Seed" by Pearl Buck; "This Above All" by Eric Knight; and "Meet the South Americans" by Carl Crow.

Fulton Library Mrs. Vivian Goff, Librarian

The Fulton Branch Library is continuing to do a great work in supplying good books to the citizens of Fulton and surrounding territory.

The library is now a war information center and has on its shelves material that will aid in winning the war. Miss Elsie Weisenberger and Miss Mary E. Green-

W. F. Gilbert Buried Sunday

William F. Gilbert, 73, died at his home Friday, April 24, after an illness of about six months.

Mr. Gilbert was one of Hempstead county's best known citizens. He was a native of the county, born March 27, 1869, and his long and useful career was spent here entirely. For more than a quarter of a century he had been one of the county's largest land-owners and farm operators.

Long ago when a young man, he became a member of Old Liberty Church.

In 1921 he moved to Washington, and shortly afterward transferred his membership to Washington Methodist church. He remained a resident of Washington until last fall when he removed to the Liberty Community after his Washington home was taken into the government reservation.

Mr. Gilbert was married in 1894 to Miss Pattie Mae Coleman, who survives him. To this union, 12 children were born, all of whom also survive him.

The children are: Five daughters, Mrs. Eunice Martin of Liberty, Mrs. Ernestine Peace of Camden, Mrs. Carrie Edwards of Liberty, Mrs. Oda Springs of Washington, Miss Emma Gilbert of Liberty, Mrs. Ernestine Peace of Camden, Wade of Cross Roads, Alton, Willie Hugh and Agee of Liberty, and Theodore of Kansas City, Mo.; 18 grandchildren and 4 great grand sons; one sister, Mrs. Della Coleman of Kansas City, Kas, and several half-sisters and brothers.

Funeral services were held at 3 o'clock Sunday at Liberty church by the Rev. C. C. Vangant, Methodist pastor of Washington. Burial was in the West Moreland cemetery.

the elaborate presentation ceremonies the Princess said:

"I don't give you a mere house, you boys who stand for something great and right in this world today. I give you a world of good will. Aloha kakou a nui loa—let love reign among you till we meet again."

Her house is called Kealo Alii—"In the Presence of the Princess." It is a long, low, very modern structure, set in grounds bordered by majestic green palms, with the Pacific Ocean "in its front yard."

Hula Dancers Entertain

The show the Princess put on was the real thing, with ancient chants to the great gods of old Hawaii, real hula dances and century-old songs intoned by Hawaiians who had learned them from their mothers and grandmothers. The Princess, tall, graceful, a bit on the plump side, wore a black straw stove-pipe-looking bonnet and a long black cape over a black silk-holoku, a sort of Mother Hubbard with a long train, brought to the islands by missionaries 100 years ago.

The uniformed lads from Omaha and Texas and Mississippi heard a Hawaiian priest salute her with the formal greeting given to Hawaiian royalty since the days of the first great conqueror, King Kamehameha.

Another Hawaiian preacher, the Rev. Edward Kahalo, blessed the soldiers and sailors in Hawaiian, which Chaplain J. D. Zimmerman translated.

Show is 'Real Thing'

Then, with a clap of her hands, Princess David Kawanakoa called forth the hula dancers in their green ti leaf skirts. After their dance, the Hawaiian natural anthem was sung and the doors of Kealo Alii were thrown open to the boys.

Gingerly, at first, they wandered about the smartly furnished rooms, where cards, magazines and writing materials had been set out for them. Soon someone discovered the piano—and the group loosened up to the lively lilt of "Rose O'Day."

Bring us your Sick WATCH
Speedy recovery guaranteed.
Repair service very reasonable.

PERKISON'S
JEWELRY STORE
218 South Walnut

GOOD USED
BICYCLES
FOR SALE

AUTO SUPPLY
BOB ELMORE'S

Hope Mattress Co.
"Your Credit is Good"
Buy Your Innerspring Now
Have Your Old Bed Made New
Phone 152 Box 264

NOTICE

I have purchased the Star Barber Shop from R. S. Jones and invite my friends and customers to visit me.

ERNIE ROSS

Just Received 100
600 x 16
RELINERS
TUBE PROTECTORS
Endless, No Flays or Bumps.
Does not cause car to shimmy.

BOB ELMORE'S
AUTO SUPPLY

SPECIAL OFFER!

CELEBRATING
Libby's
74TH
ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS ORDER BLANK

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. HA-2, Chicago, Illinois. Please send me your Handbook for Americans. I enclose 10¢ and 2 labels from Libby's brand Foods.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 1, 1942. It is restricted to the U. S. and its possessions. Void in any state or subdivision thereof if taxed, restricted or prohibited by law.

Handbook for Americans

Complete texts of our Constitution and the Monroe Doctrine • Up-to-date information about the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps • Latest type airplanes • Insignia and Uniforms of Services • How to display our Flag • The Presidents—chief events of their terms • 124 pages . . . pictures, diagrams, maps • Levant-grain leatherette binding • Offered for just 10¢ and 2 labels from any Libby's Foods.

FOR VICTORY—BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

This is a Congressman

This is a Voter

The Congressman works for the voter.

This is a Dictator

This is a Dictator's subject

The subject works for the dictator—or else.

This is a Newspaper

It tells the voter what the Congressman is doing. It tells the Congressman what the voter wants him to do. If the Congressman does what the voter wants done, the voter can commend him. If he doesn't, the voter can vote him out of office—fire him.

In totalitarian countries, the people can't fire the dictators. They don't even know what the dictators are doing. They only know what the dictators say they are doing, in the propaganda sheets that tell only what the dictators tell them to say.

ROLLING JOY POLICY!

OFFERED BY
INSURANCE
MAN
John F. Cash

WONDERFUL MILDNESS, YET RICH TASTE. THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S NO-BITE TREATED. P.A. ROLLS EASY, FAST, TOO. NO SPILLING. 'NIFTY-THRIFTY,' I SAY ON P.A. —IN PIPES, ALSO!

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket can of Prince Albert

In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned 86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the 34 other of the large-selling brands tested . . . coolest of all!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

AROUND ELECTION TIME you see political messages urging you to vote for this candidate or that, because he stands for this policy or that. The candidate states his platform in the newspaper, for all the voters to see.

You may not agree with him. You don't have to vote for him. But you know what the candidate stands for.

AND YOU KNOW THAT IF HE DOESN'T LIVE UP TO HIS PROMISES, THE NEWSPAPERS WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT.

Your Congressman is your representative. He votes in the way he thinks you would vote if you were in Congress. And it's your privilege to tell him, in advance of any vote in Congress, how

you would vote and how you want him to vote.

Can you imagine a citizen of Berlin telling Hitler how to vote? Can you imagine Hitler paying for an ad urging the Germans to elect him? Can you imagine a German newspaper telling Hitler that the people don't like what he's doing?

If those things ever happened; Hitler's dictatorship would be over; Dictatorship can't live in a system like ours, where newspapers are free to print the truth in the news and the editorial columns, and advertisers are free to print the truth in the advertising columns;

★ ★ ★

When business is better in this town everybody benefits. When everybody in the town knows what's going on all over the world, each man can tell better how to vote, what to buy and how to protect himself.

Read these ads each week. Tell your friends to read them. They tell you what an important part your newspaper

has in helping you to know what's going on, so you can decide what you personally are going to do about it all.

The publisher of this paper wants to serve the community the best he possibly can. If you have any suggestions or questions or criticisms don't hesitate to write him a letter. It will receive personal attention.

HOPE STAR

Alex. H. Washburn, Publisher

MEMBER, THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS COMMITTEE

OUR SERVICE IN THIS WAR IS TO PROVIDE THE NEWS AND OTHER VITAL INFORMATION THAT WILL LIGHT AMERICA'S WAY TO VICTORY